

Albert West

"Memory Of Life"

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I walk through the streets
And I know around
I'm coming back after so many years
Oh, yes, this is my hometown

It all looks the same
All these things I remember so well
Friends that I played with, the tree that I climbed
And the hundreds of times that I fell

And then I don't know what to say
'Cause there are things my memory of life
I see them all and I hear them call
I hope they don't see the tears in my eyes

But wait (Wait), I hear your voice (I hear your voice)
And I see your eyes
Oh, it's so good to be back in your arms
And to feel you so close by my side

So, come and take my hand (Hand in mine)
Just to lead me away (Me away)
To the fields where we wandered and where we made
love
Because I got so much to say

My hands are getting cold
'Cause now they hold my memory of life
I hear you call, yes, I hear it all
I hope you don't see the tears in my eyes

And then what do I feel?
Someone touches my hand
Hey, wake up, buddy, get into your home
'Cause they start that shooting again

And then without something to say
You drift away, my memory of life
No one to hold, no-one at all
No one to see the tears in my eyes

